water on thy Choller;goe about the fields with me through *Frogmore*, *I* will bring thee where Miſtris *Anne Page* is,at a Farm-houſe a Feaſting;and thou ſhalt wooe her, Cride-game,ſaid *I* well?

Cai. By-gar,me danck you vor dat;by gar *I* loue you,and *I* ſhall procure'a you de good Gueſt;de Earle,de Knight,de Lords,de Gentlemen,my patients.

Hoſt For the which,*I* will be thy aduerſary toward *Anne Page*,ſaid *I* well?

Cai. By-gar, 'tis good, vell ſaid.

Hoſt. Let vs wag then.

Cai. Come at my heeles,*Iack Rugby*.

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius. Scæna Prima.

Enter Euans, Simple, Page, Shallow, Slender, Hoſt, Caius, Rugby.

Euans. *I* pray you now,good Maſter *Slenders* ſeruingman and friend *Simple* by your name; which way haue you look'd for Maſter *Caius*, that calls himſelfe Doctor of Phiſicke.

Simp. Marry Sir, the pittie-ward, the Parke-ward, euery way, olde *Windſor* way, and euery way but the Towne-way.

Euan. *I* moſt fehemently deſire you,you will looke that way.

Simp. *I* will ſir.

Euan. 'Pleſſe my ſoule: how full of Chollors *I* am and trempling of minde; *I* ſhall be glad if hee haue deceiued me: how melancholies *I* am? *I* will knog his Vrinalls about his knaues coſtard,when *I* haue good oportunities for the orke: 'Pleſſe my ſoule. *To ſhallow Riuers to whoſe falls; melodious Birds ſing Madrigalls: There will wee make our Peds of Roſes: and a thouſand fragrant poſies. To ſhallow*: 'Mercie on mee, *I* haue a great diſpoſitions to cry. *Melodious birds ſing Madrigalls:—— When as I ſat in Pabilon;*

bilon: and a thouſand vagram

Sim. Yonder he is commit

Euan. Hee's welcome: *To* Heauen proſper the right: w

Sim. No weapons, Sir; th *Shallow*,and another Gentlem ſtile,this way.

Euen. Pray you giue me your armes.

Shal. How now Maſter P Sir *Hugh*, keepe a Gamette Studient from his booke, and

Sien. Ah ſweet *Anne Page*

Page. 'Saue you,good Sir *H*

Euan. Pleaſſe you from his

Shal. What? the Sword,an Doe you ſtudy them both M

Page. And youthfull ſtill,in raw-rumaticke day?

Euan. There is reaſons,and

Page. Wee are come to yo Parſon.

Euan. Fery-well, what is it

Page. Yonder is a moſt (be-like) hauing receiued w moſt odds with his owne gra you ſaw.

Shal. *I* haue liued foure-ſcor heard a man of his place,grau his owne reſpect.

Euan. What is he?

Page. *I* thinke you know h renowned French Phyſician.

Euan. Got's-will, and his p liefe you would tell me of a m

Page. Why?

Euan. Hee has no more k *Galen*, and hee is a knaue be

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Merry Wives of Windsor* (STC 22301) LONDON, 1630 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH